

NEW YORK LIFE ~ In this issue

Life

March 1, 1929

10¢



Good-Bye, Old Pal!



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Lifetime pen by
this white dot

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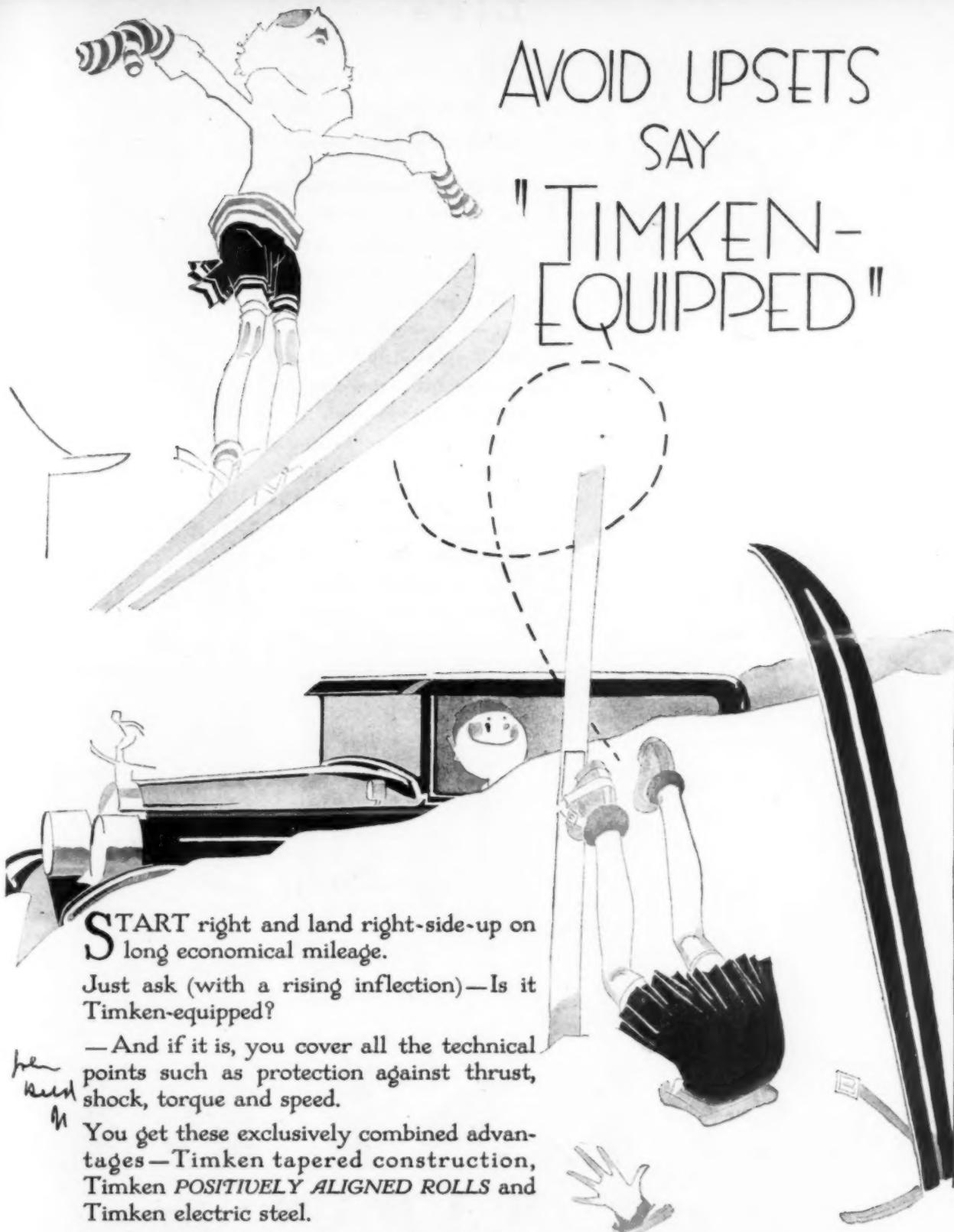
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Skrip,
successor to ink.
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AVOID UPSETS

SAY

"TIMKEN-
EQUIPPED"

START right and land right-side-up on
long economical mileage.

Just ask (with a rising inflection)—Is it
Timken-equipped?

— And if it is, you cover all the technical
points such as protection against thrust,
shock, torque and speed.

— You get these exclusively combined advan-
tages—Timken tapered construction,
Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and
Timken electric steel.

Buy something more than a smart looking
car—be a smart carbuyer and insist (mildly
yet firmly) on "Timken-Equipped".

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN Tapered
Roller
BEARINGS

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Life

Marvelous tone!"
 "Incredible selectivity!"
 "Gorgeous appearance!"

C. Kolster Radio advertising has never made such extravagant claims as these—and never will. C. But Kolster owners have. Claims and praise genuine and delighted. C. The fact is that careful engineering and technical research have come into their own with Kolster's success. C. Everywhere one hears the phrase "Kolster is a fine set." Everywhere the name "Kolster," without boasting adjectives commands respect. C. See your dealer today.



KOLSTER

RADIO

MODEL K24 . . . \$350

This A. C. electric set has Kolster dynamic Power Reproducer and Power Amplifier. Operates with 7 tubes, under single control, with illuminated dial. Ozark Walnut Cabinet of distinguished design. Price, less tubes, \$350. Kolster offers a wide price range of distinctive models for A.C. or D.C. operation or for batteries.

Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday evening at 10 p. m. Eastern Standard Time over the nationwide Columbia Chain.



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 Newark, N. J., 1929



Life



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VOLUME 93

March 1, 1929

NUMBER 2417

CLAIR MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board

NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer



*"What's so celebrated about him?"
"He's never recommended a thing!"*

The Radio Announcer Goes Cuckoo

"The Lucky Stiff Orchestra will now render 'You're the Cough in my Car-load' for you all remember the slogan, 'Reach for a Sweetie instead of a sweet. . . ?'"

"Does your wife play bridge for money?"

"No," mournfully replies the husband, "but her opponents do."

NURSE: It's a boy, sir.

PROUD PARENT (a magazine editor): Fine! I'll offer ten thousand dollars for the best name suggested for him.

Ode to an Instalment Buyer

Whither 'midst falling due
Dost thou pursue
Thy partial payment way? . . .
L. M.

POET: My poems will be read fifty years from now.

FRIEND: Why, the editors won't keep them in their desks that long, will they?



"Well, well, and who are these people?"

He: "If we were on a desert island I would make love to you."

She: "Oh, no. Think what the neighbors would say."

Harem Lady: Is it true that you murdered your last four wives?

Sultan: No, they were just victims of a practical choker.



"Well, maybe I was a little quick in sockin' him—but how'd I know what 'platonic' meant?"

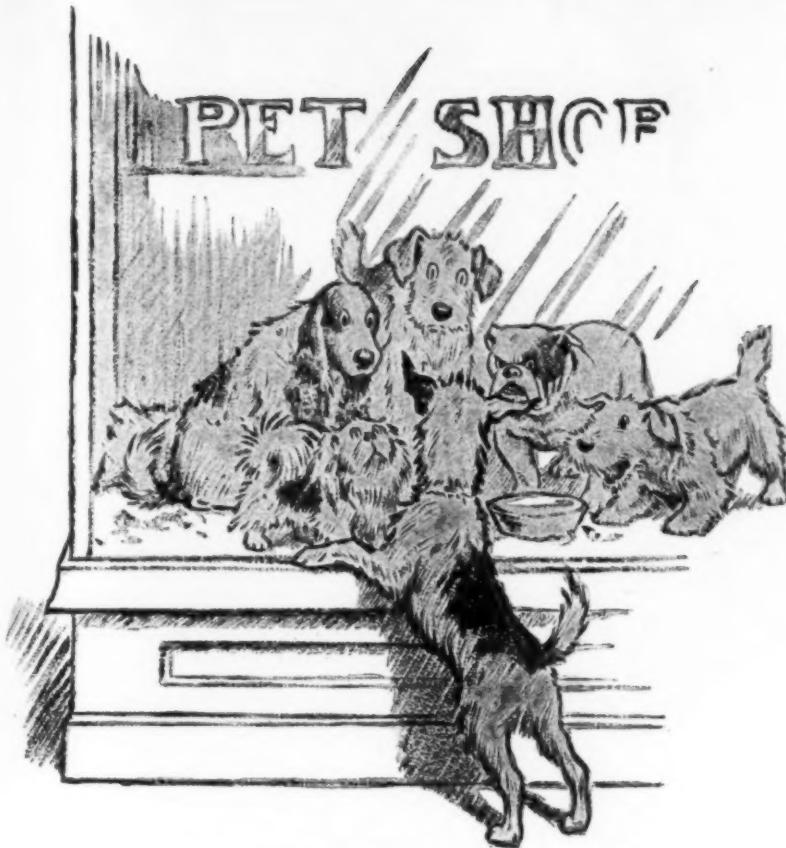
Maybe you'd spare just a moment to listen to the new cow song. "Cud She, She Certainly Cud."

Did you hear about the letter carrier who threatened to sue the Saturday Evening Post because he became bowlegged?

Then there was the athlete who played on the shrub team at the College for Tree Surgeons.

HUSBAND: Why can't you wear the shoes you bought last month?

WIFE: The size is too large and I can't get my feet in them.



"Well, well—it takes all kinds of dogs to make a world!"

PROSPECTIVE BUYER OF USED CAR:
"Tires?"

OWNER (*reluctantly*):—"Well, a little . . . on th' hills."

What many an author doesn't know
fills a book.

NEW YORK SAYING—it's never too
late for Mayor Walker.

Many a true word is spoken in guess.

"Personal Column"

McGREGGOR: m'wf., hvg., lft., m'b'd.
n'brd., m nt., rspsble., 4, ny., dbts.,
cncrd., b'hr.

The movies now have three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness of speech.

Second Fiddle

Glad I'm done with doctors' potions,
Glad I'm through with pills,
Glad they rub me with no lotions,
Glad I'm done with chills.
(Glad I'm well, but now, you see,
No one makes a fuss o'er me.)

Glad I'm done with plasters (mustard),
Glad I can be fed,
Glad I'm eating more than custard,
Glad I'm out of bed.
(Glad I'm well, of course, but now
No one strokes my fevered brow.)

Since I'm well my friends don't mention
Me at all, and when I kick
Folks refuse to pay attention
Like they did when I was sick.
(Glad I'm up . . . but now and then
Wish that I were sick again!)

Arthur L. Lippmann

Payments Would Be Met

What this country really needs is a
good five cent installment plan.

Then there's the story of the Scotchman whose wife had twins because two can live cheaper than one.



The surgeon's wife bakes a pie.



"Onward, you yellow curs! Think of the poor devils riding in rumble seats!"



WOULD BE RESCUER: "Aw, pshaw!"



Short Stories of Life

Old Muffer

By Fowler duPont

TOM HOLLIDAY, called to the phone at his club, heard his former wife's voice coming over the wire: "Tom—will you help me?"

"I did help you. For the two hundred years we were married I helped you—then you removed me."

"Tom, this is different—you've got to help me. Old Muffer's disappeared!"

"What?"

"Yes, Tom," the voice was tearful. "When I woke up this morning he wasn't here and I can't find him and—Tom, do you suppose somethings happened to him? Maybe he's been run over!"

Tom Holliday hadn't waited for the details. He started pell mell for Westbury where his wife lived in the old house they had owned.

On the road out he fell to thinking about Old Muffer. How well he remembered the day he'd given him to Mary—for their second anniversary. He laughed to himself as he thought about the fight they'd had because he hadn't been able to say what kind of a dog he was. Mary'd felt gyped then, but Muffer, big, friendly fleaful old Muffer had fixed that up. Tom thought about Humphrey, the old butler they'd had and how Muffer had gotten under his skin, first by breaking one of his front teeth in a moment of

high spirit, then by following him into the kitchen after the meat course every night. Humphrey'd tried to persuade them from the divorce. Tom was fond of Humphrey.

It began to snow before Tom was half-way there. By the time he arrived it was inches deep and the warmth of the big house felt good. In the library he found Mary.

She was pacing the floor.

"Tom, thank God you came. I don't know what to do."

"What happened?"

Still tearful she told him of how Muffer had eaten his midnight cracker and licked up some beer, how they'd gone to bed and how she had vainly searched for him in the morning. Humphrey was called into the conference. He felt that a search should be made.

"It's too damned cold for that sort of thing," said Tom.

"I'll go with you," said Mary, and that had settled it.

Together they had tramped through the snowy woods and fields, Tom helping his wife over the rough places, cursing some at the weather and noticing, every now and then, how pretty

she was in her excitement. He wondered.

Eventually they gave up. The earth had quite swallowed old Muffer. Sadly they turned and retraced their steps. It was eight before they wearily climbed the steps to the front door, and rang the bell.

Humphrey opened it. There was a noise like an express train going over a bridge and Muffer, himself, smelling like nothing human, came throwing himself on them.

"Where did you find him?"

"He came back of himself, sir, just after you'd gone," said Humphrey. Then he left the room.

Tom stayed to dinner. It was pleasant, he thought; house, wife, dog, Humphrey. Damn it, why did Humphrey have to look so pleased at his being there? He didn't want to drive back to town in the snow. Mary said to him: "Tom, it was wonderful of you to come. Do you know I haven't seen you since—since the divorce? I'm almost glad Muffer ran away."

Tom didn't drive back to town in the snow. He went back the next day, laughing to himself at the amusing experience of sleeping in the guest

(Continued on Page 32)



Life



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The snake charmer who married a Scotchman.



"Were you wishing to cross the street, madam?"

Now it Can Be Told

I am cheerful, chipper, jovial. Folks say I radiate happiness, that I am polished and dignified, yet, alas, mine has been a sorry lot.

First there was Lucille. She adored me. She once confessed that she had felt a warm glow the first time she had seen me. I thought it would last forever. But no. Six brief months and we parted.

And then came Irene—Irene the hoyden, with her tip-tilted nose and her devil-may-care manner. Oh, the good times we had together! But the inevitable day came when her affection cooled and I no longer found favor in her eyes.

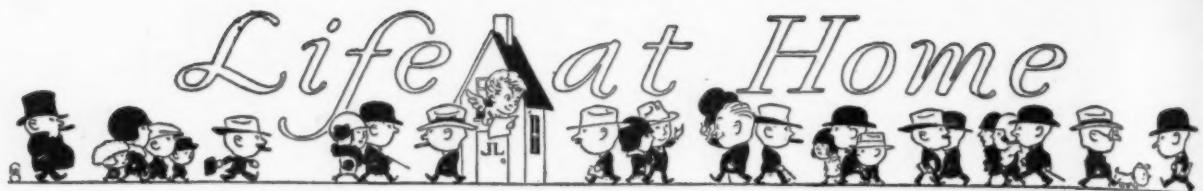
After that there came in rapid succession Edith, Alice, Peggy, Ruth, Dolores. But these were light loves and always ended in my being rejected or discarded.

Such has been my fate. I am a blithe and sparkling companion. Yet here I am alone. Yes, alone in the safe deposit vault—

I am a diamond engagement ring.
Arthur L. Lippmann.



LADY SPECULATOR: *If soap goes up five points, I can have my face lifted.*



Program of Prohibition Enforcement

BOSTON—Officials of the Bartenders' Union yesterday reported an increase in membership. Massachusetts plans to send a big delegation to the Bartenders' International League convention in Kansas City in August.

J

PORPSMOUTH, Va.—The trial of A. J. McLean, charged with manufacturing liquor, came to an abrupt end in Circuit Court here yesterday when one of the jurors, J. E. Wood, was cited for contempt of court on a charge of intoxication. The judge sentenced Wood to 10 days in jail.

J

GALENA, Mo.—The City Council has passed an ordinance banning dancing and a bill forbidding boys and girls under 18 years of age to leave their homes after 8 P. M. unless with their parents.

J

PINCKNEY, Mich.—An investigation has been launched to determine the identity of the person who, last week, attempted to remove the cornerstone of the township hall erected 50 years ago, which according to old resident, contains a quart of "old Scotch," a silver dollar and a copy of The Detroit Free Press of that day.

J

ALBANY—Joseph A. McGinnies, speaker of the assembly, has been chosen by Dr. Arthur MacDonald to undergo an anthropological measurement test.

"Morons and delinquents have been psychoanalyzed at great length," Dr. MacDonald says, declaring "it is high time to investigate ability."

LOS ANGELES—A small herd of dairy cows was reported destroyed near Whittier by the Health department when it was discovered they were suffering from the third recent outbreak of hoof and mouth disease.

Spreading, no doubt, from the infected movie studios.

J

WASHINGTON—Mrs. Minnie V. Stahl got into an argument with her husband and killed him. A jury acquitted her. As Stahl was a Spanish War veteran she will now receive a pension of \$30 a month as his widow.

J

VISALIA, Cal.—Mount Whitney was 14,509 feet high in 1905. A survey just completed by the government gives its height as 14,459 feet. *Another proof of the degeneracy of our time.*

J

NEW YORK—Lewis Morgan, barber for 46 years, is retiring with a fortune estimated at \$500,000.

"I never forced conversation on a customer," said he.

J

MIAMI—When Thomas A. Edison was asked for the formula for a happy life, he replied, "I am not acquainted with any one who is happy." *What—* are all his friends married?



The Inauguration
Before — and — After

BALTIMORE—Elevated runways out into the audience have been removed from local burlesque theaters on order of Commissioner Gaither. *Which is tough on the Eye Specialists.*

J

BERKELEY—Dr. Behneman announces he cures diseases by raising the temperature of patients to 110 degrees. Excessive heat kills the germs, he claims. *And he probably raises their temperature by showing them their bill in advance.*

J

PITTSBURGH—Fred Wagner is said to be the only professor of glass blowing in America. At the University of Pittsburgh Prof. Wagner blows glass for the instruction of chemistry students. *Wonder if he whistles at his work.*

J

NEW ORLEANS—The honor student has a greater longevity than his college mates, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. *Well, learn and live.*

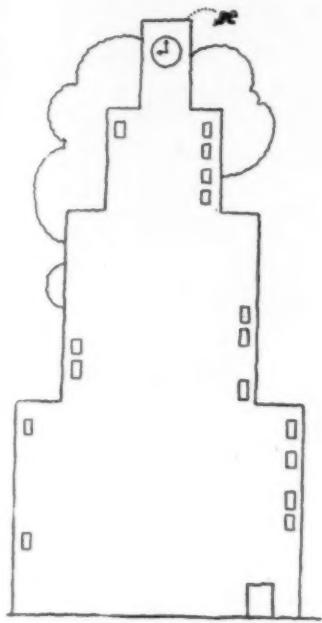
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COLUMBIA CITY, Ind.—Harold Redman of this city is the gum chewing champion of the world. He recently broke his own record by chewing 130 sticks at once, 7 more than his previous total. Mr. Redman, on the advice of physicians, is now resting.

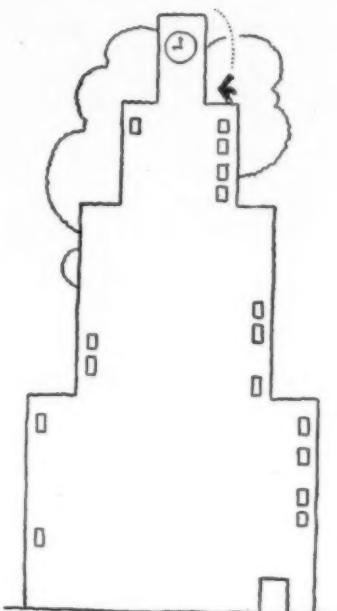
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WASHINGTON—The Johnson Bill has been approved by a committee, the bill requiring deportation of all aliens found guilty of violating the opium, the Mann, or the immigration laws.

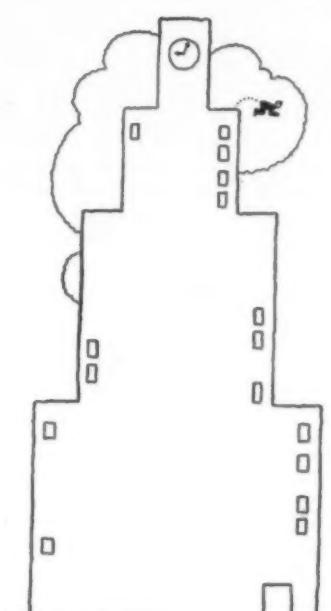
And, had they added the Eighteenth amendment, we would have little left but the Indians.



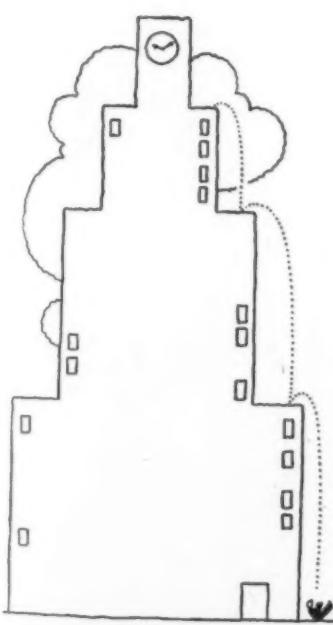
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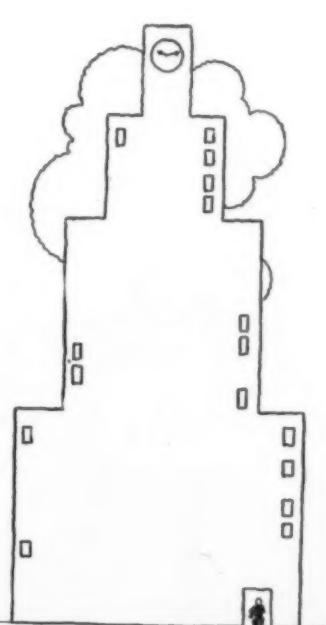
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GARDNER
REA.

The Die Hard.

It's Bound to Happen

THE Rotary Club meeting had just gotten under way when Mr. J. W. ("Jakie") Sholtz asked for recognition.

"Fellow Rotarians," he said. "I have news of importance to communicate to you. Our well-known member, Frankie Squibb—dear old Frankie—while on his way to this meeting, was hit by a gravel truck at the corner of Main and Forest. As a result of this misfortune, he is now in the most expensive hospital in our city, suffering from bruises, contusions, wounds and abrasions, to say nothing of cuts, scratches, sprains and fractures. I am sure that every member of our Club knows and loves dear old Frankie."

Mr. Sholtz seated himself. At the rear of the house, Mr. Fishberg ("Morrie") stood up. "I am well acquainted with dear old Frankie—yass. At our

last meeting he pud salt in my coffee while my back was turned—yass."

"Frankie was a good friend of mine," admitted Mr. Burkhalow ("Willie"), of Burkhalow, Smith, Jones and Burkhalow, attorneys. "He had a playful way of tiptoeing into my private office and pounding me in the back. And now he's in a hospital. Tck, tck."

"I have always thought lots of Frankie," testified W. J. ("Jimmie") Leffingwell. "Last week he told my wife what I paid for an imported set of golf clubs."

"I have known and loved Frankie for twenty years," was the next testimonial, given by a member who, some-

how, looked like a married man. "When I had the family down at the seashore he'd send me picture postcards and sign them 'Trixie'."

Many other members spoke of their long friendship and esteem for Mr. Squibb. The time seemed ripe for action. Mr. Fishberg ("Morrie"), always prompt in decisions, said: "Put me down for twenty-five dollars, und here's der money—yass." A dozen men were on their feet instantly, and the secretary wrote down the names as the big-hearted members walked up with currency in their hands.

The driver of the gravel truck bought a radio set with the money.

Jack Morton.



MAGAZINE EDITOR (calling on artist): Ah-h-h-h- I guess this will silence the people who claim we have nothing but bathing girls on our covers!



The married models, who have been smiling all day in photographic advertisements, settle down to an evening of peace.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

I see nothing in the life of a rich man which the workman need envy.

St. John Ervine.

The British are so romantic.

Elsie Janis.

The theatre I'd like to see, the theatre that would have the intellectual and physical equipment necessary to justify the ways of the machine to me, would combine the qualities of high mass and a prizefight, of a vaudeville bill and a Communist meeting in Madison Square Garden.

John Dos Passos.

What, I ask myself, could a wife do for me?

Beverley Nichols.

Marriage is a normal development of life.

Helen Wills.

Art is true democracy in its very essence.

Otto H. Kahn.

Even a dog fight has its elements of excitement—as well as its lessons.

George Matthew Adams.

Some Suggestions On Taxation

The government could get a lot of revenue by taxing people's speech. The part in the Constitution about free speech would have to be amended, but the American people like to amend the Constitution. It gives them a feeling of freedom and power.

The next thing would be to get Mr. Edison to invent a speechometer. He could do that easily. A speechometer should be in every home, or better still each person twenty-one and over could be required (by law) to wear one. The same officers that enforce prohibition could enforce it, so there would not be any additional expense to the government.

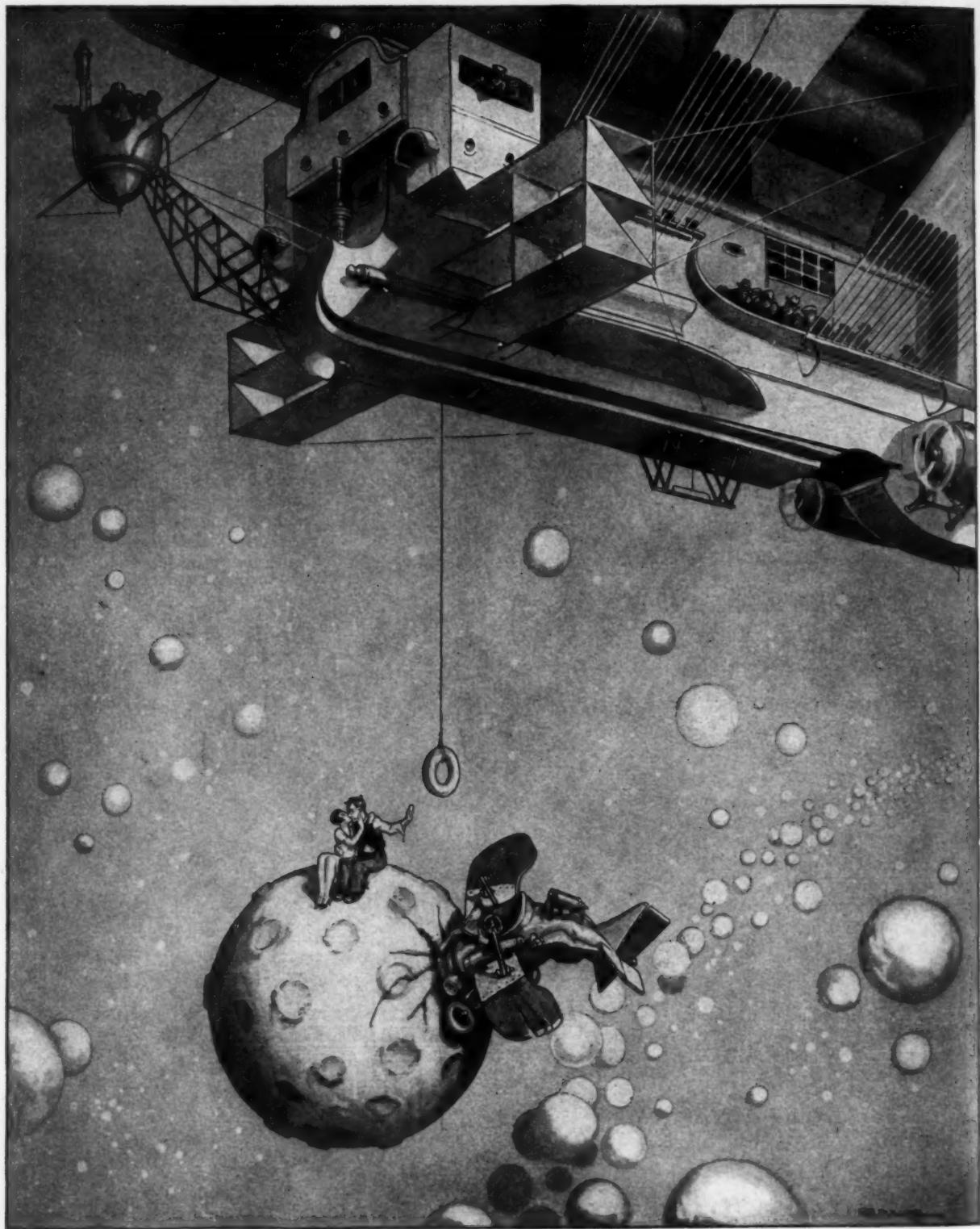
Besides being a source of revenue it would have a restraining effect on insurance agents, salesmen, after dinner speakers, politicians, actors, radio announcers, columnists, natives of California and women.

Arsie Wood.

Then there was the amateur yachtsman who luffed to make boom boom.



"This gets 'm ev'ry time! See if I don't get a piece of that candy."



No Help Wanted.

Life Abroad

PARIS—A well equipped American Bar has been installed in one of the large dressmaking establishments. While their women are buying gowns, the men can be anaesthetizing themselves for the subsequent pocketbook operation.

SHANGHAI—Chinese have been using more tobacco since peace was declared than before.

Don't reach for a gun—smoke.

BELGRADE—Minister of Railways Dr. Koroshetz has issued a decree making it obligatory for all railway clerks to attend church on Sundays and holidays. The railroad union threatens a general strike unless the order is revoked.

BERLIN—Fritz Frank has invented paper that will not burn. *It is reported that he has already received a big offer from the Graphic.*

ANGORA, Turkey—A governmental edict prohibits the marriage of high officials to foreign wives. The law, however, is winked at when the foreign wives are wealthy. *Note how European ideals are spreading!*

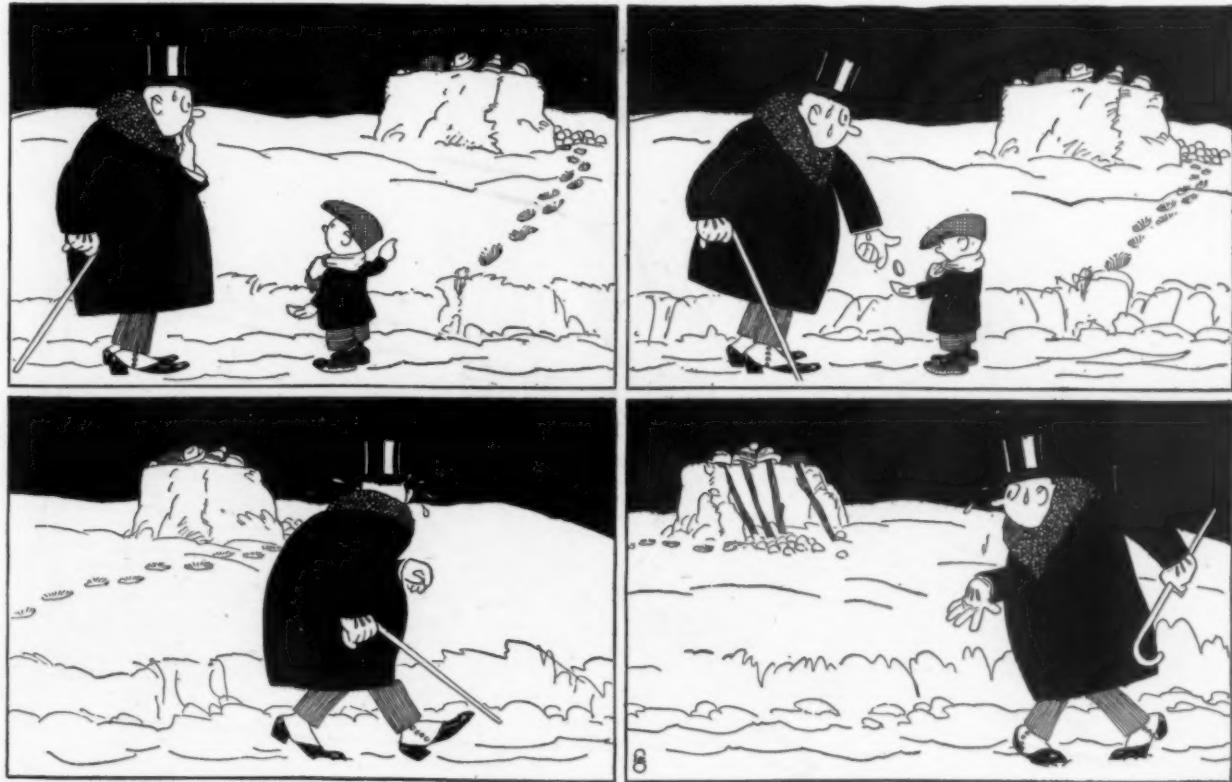
BELGRADE—At the wedding of Anton Seidel and Theresa Schwartz, which lasted nine days, there were 550 invited and 2,000 uninvited guests, 68 head of cattle, 1,200 fowl, and 30,220 quarts of spirits were consumed.

PRAGUE—Dr. Josef Loebel classifies human senses into eleven instead of five. The extra six are temperature, pressure, stinging, gravity, power and kinesthetic sense. *"Horse" is not mentioned.*

TRISTAN DE CUNHA—A recently returned visitor from this lonely isle reports that it has a population of 150, and sickness is unknown. There are no doctors, he explains.

CAIRO—Azhar University in Cairo has just rounded out its first thousand years.

Yes, yes, but have they a good team?



The extortionist.

Life



Mr. Pipp
No. 4

He hopes that no one will disturb them

fe



Pipp

o.4

turb themselves on his account.

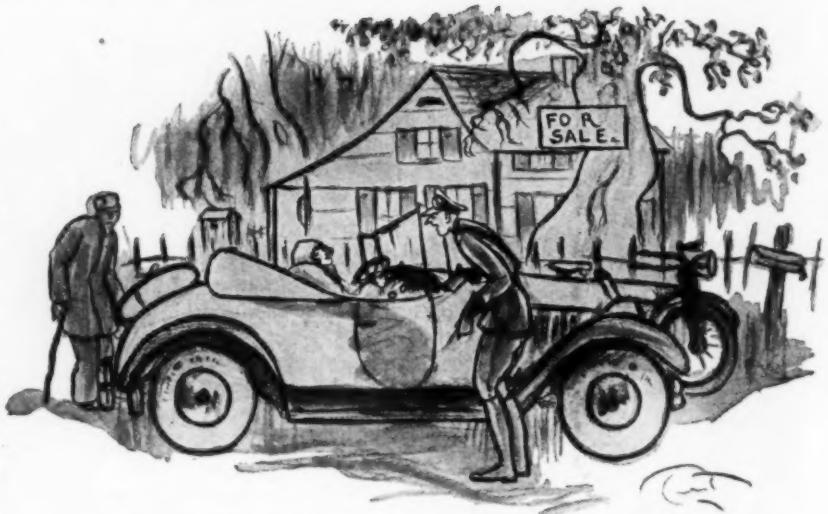


"Yes, I got ad idferdal coad."
"Take a log walk id the oped air. Thad's what I did for bide."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird Leonard FEBRUARY 11—Sam a-bawling in his bath to the effect that there is a happy land far, far away, which, from the news photographs of persons on the rear platforms of departing trains I do judge to be Palm Beach, albeit I have my doubts as to many saints in glory standing around the Bath and Tennis Club. Manie Howland to see me, bringing us a fine sausage from Paducah, and much talk of domestic matters, Manie confiding that the kitchen-pad correspondence which she carries on with her cook to restrain her from over-

salting the black bean soup, over-heating the house so that the flowers die, etc., rivals in length that of Woodrow Wilson during the World War. M. did also tell me how, when Irvin Cobb, her brother, was speaking in one of the minor cities, the chairman who introduced him had orated at great length on his own account, and when he paused temporarily to fear that he might be taking up too much time, as he hadn't his watch with him, a wag in the audience had cried out, "There's a calendar on the wall!" To the Book and Play Club luncheon at the Biltmore, and at the speakers' table, amongst many other celebrities sate



"But officer, they told me I could go as fast as I wanted after I got it broken in!"

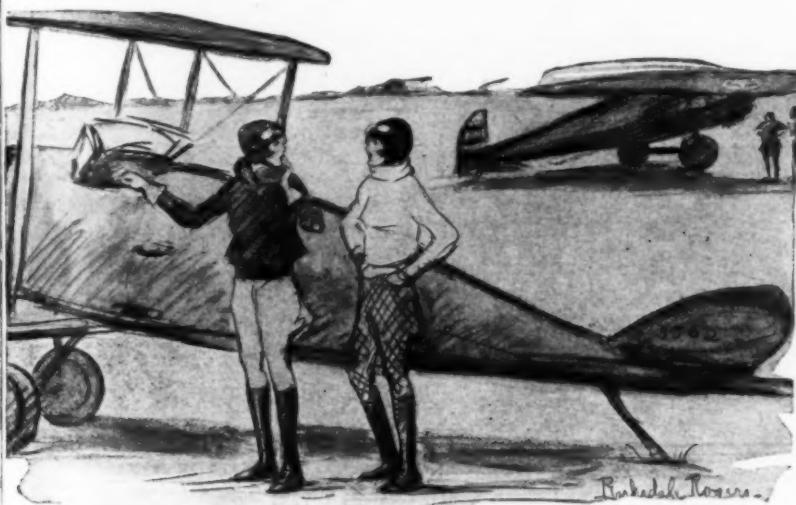


MAGICIAN: "Ye gods! That beats any trick in my Repertory!"

Sylvia Townsend Warner, who wrote "Lolly Willowes" and "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," and also Edna Thomas, who sings spirituals better than anybody ever I heard in my life, and at the end of her short speech she sang "Joshua Fit De Battle of Jericho", and everything was most satisfactory, in especial the potatoes *au gratin*, which God knows I should never have eaten. Thence to shop for a cigarette case, and I could have bought a gold one similar to the one I lost for only eighty-five dollars, save that it had a crystal ball with a dog's head on one side of it, which, as I pointed out to the salesman, was the reason it was priced at one third of its value. And when I told Samuel about it, after reaching home with a more modestly priced case of black enamel, and he pointed out that I might easily have had the of-

fensive adornment removed, I was at some pains not to walk eastward and slip quietly into the river.

FEBRUARY 12—Lay late, pondering this and that, in especial why bootleggers always come just when one is sitting down to dinner, what I should do if accosted by a well-dressed beggar, and why it takes men so long to pay off taxicabs, and delighted that this was not one of the mornings when arising is an exact science, as it must be on those days when I go to gymnasium. Marge Boothby and Chet Wardwell to luncheon, for which we did have green turtle soup, lobster New-



"Oh, dear me, I've forgotten whether Tom said to meet him in Pittsburgh or Philadelphia."

burgh, soufflé potatoes, peas, pimiento cups filled with cream cheese, and apricot tarts, and afterwards to cards, which proved costly for us, largely because in one instance Sam did mistake his Ace of diamonds for that of hearts and raise me prodigiously to a double, so now mayhap I can get him to an oculist, as I have been trying to do this twelvemonth. To dinner at Mima Lapham's new apartment, and as we entered I heard wafted from the drawing-room, "Well, if a curved line is really the shortest distance between two points", so that at first I thought we were in the wrong place, but we were not, and Mima has Sam and me to thank that the discussion of the Einstein theory did not key the conversation for the evening, forasmuch as we pretended to be a pair of butterflies with extremely low instincts, nor was it difficult, neither, and almost be-



"Hey, there—can't you read?"

fore they knew it Sam had the fourth dimensionists playing guessing games and liking them. One man whom I had not seen in years remarked that a good deal of water had flowed under the bridge since last we met, whereupon Sam observed that almost the only water we see these days is under bridges.

Pessimistic Prediction

When at last my ship comes in,
Tattered, torn, and broken,
Ten to one the damn thing docks
Over in Hoboken.

Norman R. Jaffray.

We've never been to a night club.
We never get up early enough in the morning.



If your old car decreased in size as much as in value.

New York Life



An Open Letter

Dear Mayor Walker

WHY NOT let Grover Whalen go back to Wanamaker's and make Flo Ziegfeld Police Commissioner? . . . can't you just picture a police force of "Our Finest" glorified girls? . . . can you imagine a better way of beautifying the city? . . . and what a substitute for the loud mouthed tyrants that stalk our streets at the present time! . . . who would go past a traffic signal with a Gladys Glad holding up her hand? . . . who could resist an officer of Bernice Ackerman's type? . . . Who would mind being bawled out by a Ziegfeld copess? . . . shouts from the populace "No one!" . . . lawlessness would disappear at once from our fair city . . . hardened criminals, instead of skulking behind closed doors and hiding away in low speakeasies, would be out in the open trying to make a hit with the policemen! . . . and think of the tickets they could sell for the Policemen's Ball!

Opening Night

THE SONG which brought down the house at the opening of Earl Carroll's "Fioretta" was sung by Fannie Brice . . . in it she chorused the question "What Did Cleopatra Have that I

haven't got?" . . . which left the door wide open . . . though knowing little of the private life of Cleo I would hazard the guess that she did have just a bit of refinement . . . as an encore Earl Carroll himself should have come out and sung "What Has Flo Ziegfeld Got That I Haven't Got?" and I would have jumped to my feet as one man and cried out "Good taste!" . . . but why blame Fannie Brice when the delicatessen opening nighters roll in the aisles at her leering jokes on degeneracy? . . . why blame Earl Carroll for overloading his palette when the vulgarians out front cheer each rising of the curtain? . . . it's merely the law of supply and demand . . . the Merchant of Gotham paid twenty five dollars for his seat and he wants his pound of flesh!

. . . and just to show the value of vulgarity Fioretta broke the season's theatrical record for last week's business! . . . the uplift of the Drama!

Knows All—Sees All

IN A WELL known supper club a titian haired beauty wanders among the customers selling "Cigars and cig'rettes" . . . her salary is two hundred dollars a week but she doesn't make it on "smokes" . . . this little lady is the official club "spotter" . . . she knows the ancestry and business of every one that has come into the club in the past five years . . . a wink from her and the waiter knows it is all right to "serve" the customer . . . she says that she has never made a mistake and it is not hard to believe her . . . she has the eye of an house detective, the voice of a buzzsaw and the figure of a Venus . . . she is married to a hooper and has two children . . . this article really should have been in the *American magazine*!

Sh!

THE University Club, not to be confused with the University club, is

*Morning Inspection
of "Our Finest"
by Police Commissioner
Ziegfeld.*



New York Life

located east of Park Avenue . . . two large rooms are decorated with college pennants of every description . . . there is even a *Vassar flag!* . . . at the rear is a long bar, also hung with banners and a weird assortment of Heidelbergish steins line the shelves . . . looking around you will see many campus views on the walls and you may even recognize yourself . . . along about midnight the place resembles a college reunion only even noisier . . . in order to gain entrance to this academic speakeasy you must convince the proprietor that you are a University man . . . the advantage of a college education!

Things I Remember

Beatrice Lillie singing "Fairies At The Bottom of Our Garden" at the Lido . . . seeing Irene Delroy at Barneys . . . Morton Downey singing "Two Little Babes in The Woods" at the Casanova . . . the Illustrator's Show at Lord & Taylors . . . the group picture of Our Mayor marrying Fannie Brice with Jay Brennan as Best Man . . . the short circuit of Eugene O'Neil's "Dynamo" . . . the increasing Semitism of Opening Nights . . . the Grill Leon in Montclair . . . the utter stupidity of the show "My Girl

Friday" . . . the *Honolulu Punch* . . . two thirds Bacardi, one third coffee, lemon juice and maple syrup . . . the *Abbey Exhibition* at the *American Academy*.

Prize Story of the Week

WEALTHY Young Man About Town About Tight came out of the Club Richman the other night and saw a driverless taxi standing in front with the engine running . . . deciding it was a grand and glorious opportunity to experience the night life of a Taxi driver he hopped in and began a personally conducted tour of the city . . . almost immediately he was hailed by a fare and getting a great kick out of swishing his petrified passenger to his destination and the seventy five cents for the trip he picked up another . . . and then another . . . after several hours of this enjoyable work he discovered that he had collected nearly ten dollars, and picturing the happiness that would come stealing over the driver's face when he proudly showed him his profits, he returned to his starting place . . . but instead of the overjoyed chauffeur he found an officer of the law awaiting him and he made one more trip . . . to the police station where he stayed for two days.



"There's Always The River!"

New Yorkers, fed up with Broadway shows, will find two "Wows" in Hoboken . . . "After Dark" at the Rialto and across the street a revival of "The Black Crook."

Big Prize Award

AFTER wading through countless letters (Well, if you must insist on counting them, a dozen anyway!) containing suggestions for a name for the conductor, or motorman, of this department, I have finally decided to award the prize of \$50,000 to myself! . . . in case you cannot read the signature below it is none other than "Knickerbocker, Jr." and when you look at the new title at the head of this page and then right back at the non de plume you realize at once how diabolically clever it is . . . *New York Life* . . . see . . . *Father Knickerbocker*, the symbolic parent of this great metropolis . . . then quick like a flash . . . *Knickerbocker, Jr.* . . . see? . . . what is this great power of mine?

Knickerbocker Jr.

Theatre · by Robert C. Benchley



Special Extra!

NOW that the theatrical season in New York is picking up and the roses are coming back into these cheeks again, we will fulfill our promise made several months ago and tell what was the matter with it. It is much easier to diagnose a disease after it has been cured. Even now, though, we don't know what the trouble was.

Certainly all the conditions which obtained at the time of the Big Slump still exist, with the possible exception of the two hour taxi-trek from the home to the theatre. Can it be possible that Commissioner Whalen has solved the entire problem simply by sending automobiles through Forty-fifth Street at forty miles an hour and waving at them from his Punch and Judy box in Longacre Square? We certainly hope not, for he would be unbearable with all that to his credit. He might even take it into his head then to close the *legitimate* speakeasies which sell only liquor containing the .05% of wood alcohol allowed by the Constitution. Then *nobody* would be safe.

But, aside from the improvement in theatre traffic, nothing else on the dramatic horizon is brighter—except business. The plays are no better and the prices are no lower. The turn for the better came during the week following the entry into town of the following offerings: "Boom! Boom!", "All the King's Men", "Be Your Age" and "Lady Fingers." Could any of these be fairly hailed as worthy to start a renaissance in the theatre? Even Eu-

gene O'Neill's "Dynamo" can hardly expect to go down in history as the play which started people going to the theatre again in the early months of 1929. On the contrary, in fact.

There has been no noticeable reduction in prices, neither has the ticket-speculator been eliminated, although both of these factors were cited as reasons why the public was keeping away from the box-offices, and we doubt if the manners of the salesmen in the box-offices themselves have become ac-

of the theatre knows that on one night, for no reason at all, everybody in New York will evidently decide to go and see a show and the theatres will be crowded, whereas on another night, for equally inexplicable reasons, everybody in New York will stay at home and business *all over town* will be terrible. This does not include such recognized bad nights as Monday, Christmas Eve or week-ends in Summer, or such recognized good nights as Saturday, New Year's Eve or the first cool evenings in Autumn. It may be a Wednesday night or it may be Friday, hot or cold, fair or stormy, with no connection with the income-tax payment, election or other national crisis. It is just an ordinary night which should be no different from others, and yet the entire metropolitan population reacts in the same manner to its influence. It is the same influence which makes audiences *all over town* easy to please on one night and difficult on another. There is something in the air, and that is the only explanation for it.

This may sound silly, and probably is, but any theatre-manager or actor will tell you that it is so. And the next time you get an inexplicable urge to call up and get seats for a theatre, see if thousands of other people didn't feel the same way. Business is better, because people *feel* like going to the theatre where they didn't before. Which, more or less, solves the whole problem, although it raises the new, and rather more difficult one of What Is It?

At any rate, whatever you think of our explanation, you can't deny it.

tually fawning as yet (although we must admit that we never have been insulted at the box-office, owing to a policy we have of trying to meet the treasurer socially somewhere else first and, if possible, getting him to marry our sister).

AND now, if you will please stand back a little and not crowd in, we will give *our* theory of why people didn't go to the theatre in October, November and December, 1928, and are beginning to go again in February and March, 1929. It is because in October, November and December, 1928, they didn't *feel* like going to the theatre and in February and March, 1929, they *do* feel like going. Whether it is due to the alignment of the solar system, sun-spot, or atmospheric pressure over a certain area at a certain time, anyone connected with the business end



Movies • by Harry Evans



"Captain Lash"

NO MOVIE can be a success unless it appeals to the vast army of cinema habitues represented by the fair sex. Therefore, if "Captain Lash" shows a heavy profit, the producers may consider that they have answered the much discussed question, namely: *Do Women Approve of Homely Motion Picture Lovers?*

I think the ladies will approve of Victor McLaglen in "Captain Lash." He is not handsome, but his virile personality and engaging screen presence offset any lack of facial beauty. Mr. McLaglen has a made-to-order role as a two-fisted stoker on an ocean liner, and it is reasonable to suppose that the waterfront belles would find his rough and ready wooing very much to their liking.

Joe Cook gives an outstanding comedy performance as the pathetic and amusing satellite of the boss stoker. No comedian was ever equipped with a better pair of comedy props than Joe's rubber legs, and when he goes into his dance while under the influence of Chinese giggle water you will certainly be entertained.

The usually respectable Claire Windsor is convincingly wicked as the high-brow crook who steals the jewels in mid-ocean and makes the unsuspecting stoker an accessory to the crime. In one interesting scene Miss Windsor displays possibilities which directors have apparently overlooked in the past. If Claire ever decides to go in for the lighter type of motion picture work she should have no trouble securing

a contract as a Mack Sennet bathing beauty.

Shots taken in the stoke-hold of an ocean liner add a touch of reality, and the Singapore waterfront scenes are exceptionally well done. There are also some funny subtitles which show the unmistakable handiwork of the film supervisor, James K. McGuinness. A few years ago Mr. McGuinness was one of our most efficient writers of humor.

"Captain Lash" is not an epic, but it is amusing, full of action, and well directed. There is a possibility that the ladies may not like it, but I am certain that the men will; so I sug-

gest that they see it—even if they have to give up an evening with their wives.

"The Doctor's Secret"

THIS adaption of James Barrie's play, "Half an Hour", would have made an excellent two-reel talkie, but it has been padded to supply a feature length film. The first part of the story is haltingly told as the players move from place to place about the sets, and dozens of unnecessary closeups are crowded in to take up the slack. In the last two or three reels the action is speeded up, and the picture becomes very interesting.

William de Mille showed wisdom in choosing three veterans of the legitimate stage as principals. Ruth Chatterton handles lines as effectively as she did when she was appearing behind the footlights, and her dramatic ability carries the story over several thin spots. H. B. Warner and Robert Edeson offer adequate support and show the advantage of long stage and screen experience.

John Loder, who plays Miss Chatterton's lover, speaks immaculate English, but the talkie machinery plays tricks with his enunciation, and makes some of his lines difficult to follow.

Miss Chatterton is an abused wife whose rich husband constantly reminds her that he bought her for social reasons. She finds his insults unbearable and decides to run away with the man she secretly loves.

(Continued on Page 28)

Metropolitan Sports. Broncho Busting on 8th Avenue.



Confidential Guide



Drama

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. *Empire*—Katharine Cornell making a dull play at least spectacular.

BROTHERS. *Forty-eighth St.*—Two brothers who look so much alike that they are both Bert Lytell. One of them takes dope!

CONGAI. *Sam H. Harris*—Life in Indo-China if you happen to be out of luck, as Helen Menken was. Very vivid.

CYRANO. *Hampden's*—If Walter Hampden is wise, he will keep on doing this, and if you are wise you will see it.

DYNAMO. *Martin Beck*—To be reviewed later.

GYPSY. *Klaw*—Claiborne Foster in a little tragedy of easy love containing one or two fine scenes.

HEDDA GABLER. *Forty-ninth St.*—Blanche Yurka following her "Wild Duck" success with more Ibsen.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD. *Ethel Barrymore*—Miss Barrymore in one act (the last) of showing what she can do.

MIMA BELASCO.—This cost somebody a lot of money, presumably Mr. Belasco, with a big machine as its chief result. Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer do the acting.

STRANGE INTERLUDE. *John Golden*—Probably the better of the two O'Neill plays in town. Certainly the longer.

STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*—One you must see, even if you are one of those who are depressed by "reality."

ZEPPELIN. *National*—Considerable excitement a mile up in the air.

Comedy

ALL THE KING'S MEN. *Fulton*—A play by Fulton Oursler, with Grant Mitchell, Mayo Methot and others. To be reviewed later.

CAPRICE. *Guild*—You won't see any nicer acting in town than this of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

COURAGE. *Ritz*—A mother with too many stage children. Janet Beecher as the mother.

THE FRONT PAGE. *Times Square*—Rough-house comedy melodrama which ought to furnish a good evening.

HOLIDAY. *Plymouth*—Either the public likes good smart dialogue or this isn't good smart dialogue. Anyway it is a success, which almost puts it in a class by itself this season.

HOT WATER. *Lucille LaVerne*—Very tepid.

LET US BE GAY. *Little*—To be reviewed later.

LITTLE ACCIDENT. *Ambassador*—In spite of dealing with bastardy in one of its nicer forms, this will not offend and is very funny in spots. Thomas Mitchell and Katharine Alexander head the cast.

THE MARRIAGE BED. *Booth*—Allan Dinehart, Ann Davis and others in a satisfactory, if not highly original treatment of that old triangle.

A MOST IMMORAL LADY. *Cort*—Alice Brady at one of her many bests.

PARIS. *Music Box*—Conventional farce made unconventional by Irene Bordoni and some good tunes.

THE PERFECT ALIBI. *Charles Hopkins*—A murder mystery which amuses, instructs and does nobody any harm.

POPPA. *Hudson*—Good sentimental Jewish fare.

PRECIOUS. *Royale*—Not one of the outstanding comedies of the year.

SERENA BLANDISH. *Morosco*—Fantastic sophistication which has very high, and very moderate, spots. Ruth Gordon and an excellent cast (including A. E. Matthews and Constance Collier) help tremendously.

SKIDDING. *Bayes*—Not interested.

THAT FERGUSON FAMILY. *Bijou*—Very mild.

THE YELLOW JACKET. *Coburn*—The Coburns at home

Eye and Ear

ANIMAL CRACKERS. *Forty-fourth St.*—Several Marxes at play, much to the general amusement.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1928. *Eltinge*—When this started last Spring no one knew that it was going to be the best show in town.

BOOM! BOOM! *Casino*—To be reviewed later.

FIORETTA. *Earl Carroll*—With Leon Errol, Fannie Brice, Lionel Atwill and others. To be reviewed later.

FOLLOW THRU. *Forty-sixth St.*—A smash hit to follow "Good News," with Irene Delroy, Jack Haley, Zelma O'Neal and others. Swell tunes.

GOOD BOY. *Hammerstein's*—Still a good show. Helen Kane, Charles Butterworth and others.

HELLO, DADDY! *Cohan*—Lew Fields with some good tunes added to his old "High Cost of Loving" and assistance from George Hassell, Betty Starbuck and Billy Taylor.

HOLD EVERYTHING. *Broadhurst*—Good music, comical sayings and excellent dancing, by Ona Munson, Victor Moore, Bert Lahr and Jack Whiting.

THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX. *Liberty*—Blanche Ring and Jack Hazzard should have had something a little more momentous to bring them back.

LADY FINGERS. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

THE NEW MOON. *Imperial*—A very nice show, with Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

THE RED ROBE. *Shubert*—For those who long for the good old days of real comic opera. Walter Woolf, Helen Gilliland, Jose Ruben and others.

SHOW BOAT. *Ziegfeld*—You tell us.

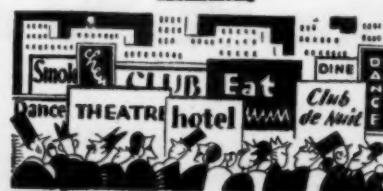
THIS YEAR OF GRACE. *Selwyn*—Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a revue which has everything except wasted money.

THREE CHEERS. *Globe*—Will Rogers.

WHOOPEE. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor making lots of people laugh very hard—and why not?

CIVIC REPERTORY. *Fourteenth St.*—Eva Le Gallienne making a success out of good plays at small cost. We recommend "The Cherry Orchard," "Cradle Song," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "Peter Pan."

S. S. GLENCAIRN. *Provincetown*—Four one-act plays of the sea by Eugene O'Neill.



Movies

THE SINS OF THE FATHER. (SOUND) *Paramount*; Emil Jannings as a lovable bootlegger. Very good.

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*; Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" purified to dodge Will Hays. Superbly acted by Greta Garbo with John Gilbert for box office support.

WEARY RIVER. (TALKING) *First National*; Richard Barthelmess as a crook who sings his way back to the straight-and-narrow (or does he sing?). Fair entertainment, but you may prefer him silent.

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL. (TALKING SEQUENCES) *Paramount*; Nancy Carroll and Gary Cooper put some of the higher-priced stars in the shade.

THE VIKING. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*; Full length technicolor film recounting the discovery of North America by Pauline Stark and Lief Ericsson.

THE BARKER. (50% TALKING) *First National*; One of the best talkies. Milton Sills capably supported by the vocal and physical charms of Betty Compson and Dorothy MacKaill. For adults.

THE SINGING FOOL. (TALKING) *Warner Bros.*; Al Jolson loses his Mammy and becomes a father. Heavy and effective; tugs at the heart strings. Al's songs are great.

THE WOMAN DISPUTED. (SOUND) *United Artists*; commendable work by Norma Talmadge despite a few indelicate scenes.

THE PATRIOT. (SOUND) *Paramount*; If you haven't seen this one you've missed the best picture made in the past year. Emil Jannings.

OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*; Interesting information about modern youth with Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown and Anita Page.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE. (TALKING SEQUENCES) *Metro-Goldwyn*; William Haines as breezy and clever as ever.

KILLING THE KILLER. (SILENT SHORT) *U. F. A.*; Slow motion pictures of a mongoose killing a cobra. Runs less than fifteen minutes but worth the price of an evening.

MARCHING ON. (TALKING SHORT) *Fox*; Chic Sale in a remarkable character study.

Supper Clubs

* Dressy.

C Cover Charge.

H Head Waiter.

AMBASSADOR GRILL. Park Avenue at 51st. Nice quiet place to dance. * C.\$1.50-2.00.

BARNEY'S. 85 West 3rd. A swell place. C.\$2.00-3.00. H. Arnold.

LIDO. 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very Park Avenue. Beatrice Lillie and Moss and Fontana. * C.\$5.00. H. Cabiat.

MONTMARTRE. 205 West 50. Oldest supper club in town and still popular. C.\$3.00. H. Charlie.

HEIGH-HO. 35 East 53rd. Nice Place. * C.\$2.00-3.00. H. George.

GUINAN'S. 203 West 54th. Whoopee. C.\$4.00-5.00. H. Carl.

MIRADOR. 200 West 51st. Good show.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC. New Amsterdam Theatre. Helen Morgan and a big check. * C.\$6.60.

(Continued on Page 29)



Days that you want to remember!

DOESN'T it seem a pity to let this season's fun slip into the shadowy corners of memory?

Must that happen? Is there nothing you can do to prevent it?

How would you like to be able to re-live . . . at any moment you wish . . . many of the good times that this winter is bringing you?

Perhaps there are toboggan parties. Perhaps you are skiing or skating or hiking on snow-shoes. Maybe your chief delight is a good old-fashioned sleigh-ride. And how easy it is to get enthusiastic about these sports when congenial friends enter into them with you. Probably a long while has passed since you enjoyed yourself so much.

The lasting thrill of movies!

But the best of friends must separate and good times pass, never to return. Carry a Ciné-Kodak with you. Take movies of these happy moments. Then as long as

**Caught forever in a
wonderful movie that you
make yourself**

you live this winter's high spots may be repeated as often as you wish. Your Kodascope will project them on your own silver screen as you sit in your own living room. Once you have taken Ciné-Kodak home movies, the days that you want to remember are impossible to forget.

No special skill is necessary. With the Ciné-Kodak, home movies are no more difficult than snapshots. You send your films to us for developing, the cost of which is included in the price you pay for them. Everything has been made easy. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

Movies in COLOR!

They have gone further. Today, another Eastman development — Kodacolor — enables you to make home movies in full color. With the Ciné-Kodak f.1.9, a filter and Kodacolor Film, you make the most beautiful *living* portraits of your family and friends. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

All this and more the Ciné-Kodak home movie outfit brings you. For instance, you are not limited to the films you take yourself. Kodak Cinographs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost \$7.50 per 100 feet and become a permanent part of your film library.

Go now to any Ciné-Kodak dealer and ask him to show you a home movie outfit — Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen. Such an outfit may be had for as little as \$140. Also use the coupon for a booklet that gives more of the details.

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 199, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

29



Ciné-Kodak
Simplest of Home Movie Cameras



The Palmy Days

Broadway plays are to take the road as talking movies. Ultimately you will encounter the Broadway actor who will boast that his voice toured the country with Barrymore.—*New York Sun*.

EFFICIENCY EXPERT: You are wasting too much time on your personal appearance.

TYPIST: It's not wasted. I've only been here six months, and already I'm engaged to the junior partner.

—*Pearson's*.

A man in a Paris prison spends most of his time composing poems addressed to his wife. She has our sympathy in her hour of trouble.—*Humorist*.



HOUSEHOLDER (in the grip of flu): *Adothee steb ad I'll sdeaze ad you!* Everybody's Weekly



VICTIM: Surely you are not going to rob me?

FOOTPAD: Ho, no. Me mate around the corner does that. All I do is deliver the anaesthetic! Passing Show

FIRST YOUNG THING: What is the difference between learning golf and motoring?

SECOND YOUNG THING: In golf you hit nothing, and in motoring you hit everything.—*Answers*.

PATIENT (showing bill): What's this extra half-guinea for?

DENTIST: For squeezing the arms of my chair out of shape.

—*Everybody's Weekly*.

Back Number

A Londoner took an American to see "Hamlet." "You sure are behind the times here," remarked the American. "I saw this play in New York four years ago."

—*Christian Register*.



SMALL CHILD: Daddy, come and play blind man's buff? FATHER: No, dear. That's how I met mother. Humorist

Testimonial

"Which is your favorite cigarette?" inquired the hostess, as she opened the humidor.

"Sorry," returned her prominent guest firmly, "but I'm not talking for publication this evening."

—*American Legion Monthly*.

CUBIST: The gentleman, whose portrait this is, has come and asked me to alter his nose a little.

FRIEND: And that makes you cross?

CUBIST: No, but I can't remember where I put the nose.

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

A young film actor was compelled by his producer to grow a mustache. We can imagine him in the morning triumphantly gazing into a mirror and exclaiming, "Came the down!"

—*London Opinion*.



RIDING MASTER: *Hi! What are yer puttin' yer 'and in'er mouth for?*
YOUTH: *I ain't. I'm trying to take it out.*

Punch (by permission)

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It keeps teeth *white*

And here's a tip for you! When you smile, it's your teeth that people notice. Never let them grow dull, so you can't be proud to show them in your smile. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth gleaming white. You'll love that unique flavor—and Dentyne is *the highest quality chewing gum made today.*

Chew DENTYNE *.. and smile!*





INSIDE NEWS

IT'S the stuff inside that makes you. And here's a bit of inside news that will make your smoking appetite forever sturdy and smiling. Use Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's is a grand thing for smokers because it contains over 50% Milk of Magnesia. The minute particles that penetrate the mouth crevices not only fight acidity, but also keep your breath sweet and your taste lively and pleasant.

Just as soon as you can, start using Squibb's Dental Cream. Your whole smoking day will become brisker and brighter.

On sale at all druggists at 40¢ a generous tube.

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Movies

(Continued from Page 23)

The customary note is left for the husband, but after meeting her lover, circumstances cause her to change her mind, and she hurries home in the hope of destroying the tell-tale note before her husband can read it. The element of surprise is well carried out, and I will leave the answer untold as I think it will add to your enjoyment.

The inability of the talkies to register certain sounds in a realistic manner is forcibly brought out in this picture. For instance, Mr. Warner's diabolical chuckle reminds you of a locomotive starting on a slippery track. And when Miss Chatterton becomes hysterical, the result is an odd and sundry collection of noises which defeats the purpose of the scene. Equally ineffective is the love making between Ruth and Mr. Loder. I am sure we all enjoy a display of the deeper emotions, but it becomes something else again when each passionate heave of the chest rings out as clearly as though you were listening in with a stethoscope.

The weak spots in "The Doctor's Secret" may bore you, but the last scenes are worth the price.

"The Wolf of Wall Street"

THE Wolf of Wall Street" is not a good picture, but the advertisements state that, "George Bancroft talks . . . Baclanova sings . . ." so the public flocks in to satisfy its curiosity. Thank Heaven the sound of the human voice will soon cease to be a novelty on the screen, and producers may then find it necessary to provide a story with each featured film as an extra added attraction.

The plot of this one is a bedtime tale for the kiddies on how to make a fortune in Wall Street. George Bancroft, the financial dictator of the Street, calls the members of his powerful syndicate together and edifies them with a blackboard demonstration during which he evolves this original and intricate formula: First—Buy stocks when they are low. Second—Sell when they are high. Third—Repeat until rich. And you should have seen their faces!

No talkie nowadays is complete unless a star sings. When they were casting "The Wolf of Wall Street" somebody, in an odd moment, remembered that Baclanova was formerly in Russian Opera—so into the picture they dragged this excellent actress by the vocal chords. In the closing scenes she sings two numbers, and they are certainly enjoyable, but during the previous hour and a half you sit forward in your seat with your ears cocked and

(Continued on Page 29)

Why Fat Had to Go



Fashion Forbade It

A few years ago, Paris forbade fat. All her styles were created for the slender. Then there came a tide of disapproval for obesity, both in men and women. Youth and beauty, health and vigor demanded its reduction.

Then science came in. It found that a great cause of excess fat lay in a defective gland. By thousands of experiments on animals it found that excess fat could be banished by correcting this deficiency.

That is one great reason why excess fat has been disappearing fast. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule. Mothers look like daughters. Not by starving, not by over-work, but by scientific measures.

The greatest factors in this fight on fat are embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others the results. Thus, year by year, the use has grown until it is now enormous.

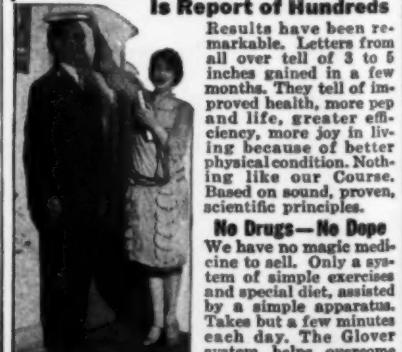
Try this modern method. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Correct the cause. Watch the fat go, day by day. Watch the new health and new vigor. Do it because this is the right way and the tried way to end obesity. Don't delay. Many new joys are waiting for you when you get weight down to normal.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

"Height Increasing"

Is Report of Hundreds



Results have been remarkable. Letters from all over tell of 3 to 5 inches gained in a few months. They tell of improved health, more pep and life, greater efficiency, more joy in living because of better physical condition. Nothing like our Course. Based on sound, proven, scientific principles.

No Drugs—No Dope
We have no magic medicine to sell. Only a system of simple exercises and special diet, assisted by a simple apparatus. Takes but a few minutes each day. The Glover system helps overcome the flattening of the vertebrae and the sagging of the supporting muscles. Permits cartilage cushions in spinal column to expand. Strengthens muscles. Stimulates the nerves. Results have been permanent because based on true physiology. Unusually successful in under-developed young men and women. **EASY—INEXPENSIVE—CERTAIN**

Write today for FREE information
GLOVER INSTITUTE—Dept. A28
508 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

RENDEZVOUS, Winter Garden Theatre. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the funniest men. C.\$3.00-4.00. H. Leon.

SEAGLADE, St. Regis Hotel. Vincent Lopez speaking. *C.\$1.50-3.00. H. Charles.

NEW VILLA VENICE, 10 East 60th. Collegiate. C.\$2.00-3.00. H. Jean.

Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

"Let's Talk About You" (*Hello Daddy*)
 "Dance Little Lady" (*This Year of Grace*)
 "Button Up Your Overcoat" (*Follow Thru*)
 "I Want To Be Bad" (*Follow Thru*)
 "Anything But You" (*Follow Thru*)
 "Raise the Dust" (*Lady Fingers*)
 "Making Whoopee" (*Whoopee*)
 "Fioretta" (*Fioretta*)

Books

THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS (*Little, Brown*) by J. J. Connington—A real detective story. You have a fair chance of catching the murderer yourself.

THE HAVERING PLOT (*Harpers*) by Richard Keverne—Fascinating aeronautical mystery. Sealed at page 254, but try and stop there! THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED (*Dutton*) by Samuel Emery—A modern ghost story. New England farm house, crooks, chills, and shivers.

THE ART OF THINKING (*Simon & Schuster*) by Ernest Dimnet—Still the most stimulating and discussion-provoking book of the season.

THE MAGIC ISLAND (*Harcourt, Brace*) by William B. Seabrook—Adventures in Haiti and Voodoo in which a white man gets under the black skin.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN (*Holt*) by H. W. Freeman—Potent study of English rural life. On your "must" list.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA (*Viking*) by Arnold Zweig—Powerful story of the German military machine and a Russian prisoner. Stark, elemental and important.

Movies

(Continued from Page 28)

struggle with her conversation. The talking contraptions are fickle enough in reproducing well spoken English, so they can hardly be expected to improve a Russian accent.

Paul Lukas is another capable actor whose work suffers through contact with the "wires." He attempts to overcome faults in diction by pains-taking delivery, and the obvious effort makes him appear self-conscious.

The heart interest is supplied by Nancy Carroll and Rankin Drew, but they are never very convincing. With all these faults we may at least be thankful that no person, at any time during the picture, sings a theme song entitled, "Wolf of Wall Street I Love You." And then there is the good news that George Bancroft has a fine screen voice; so those of us who admired his work in "The Dragnet" and "The Docks of New York" can look forward to the time when he will be given something worthy of his talents in the talkies.

Remarkable offer to men who prefer
WATER

REFERRING, of course, to the 'noble experiment' of a summer afloat—where you never have to smuggle your sunshine, analyze your air, nor bootleg the beauties of nature—where you slip past green coasts instead of green lights, and drowse before quaint fishing villages rather than in traffic jams. A. C. F. makes it possible!

It's an experience, not an experiment, with an A.C.F. And a doubly satisfying one with the new Cruiser-Runabout. For here is a craft which joins *commuting speed with cruising comfort at minimum cost*.

The cockpit seats seven. Sleeping accommodations for four. Collapsible awning . . . adjustable plate-glass windshield . . . mahogany-finish decks and hull, matched and polished . . . handsome fittings . . . every appointment, including linen and china. Most surprising of all in a 26' 9" craft of barely 2-foot draft, it contains a roomy lavatory and a galley complete even to ice-box!

Make sure you get full details of this new A. C. F. Write us today for booklet B.

AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY

A.C.F. New York Salon: 215 W. 57th St.

BOSTON—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Avenue. DETROIT—

A. C. F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Avenue.

CLEVELAND—N. J. Shea, 1424 Lauderdale Avenue, Lakewood. SAN

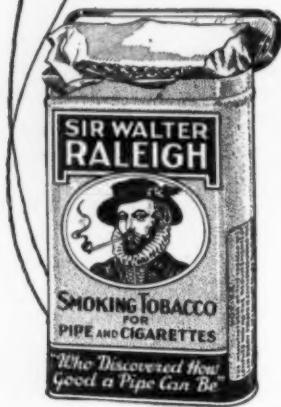
FRANCISCO—S. C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Building. CHICAGO—

Ward A. Robinson, 58 E. Washington Street. WILMINGTON,

DEL.—American Car and Foundry Company.



Milder than what?



WELL, milder than what you've been smoking. Milder, and mellower, and for two perfectly good reasons: it's choice leaf and it's aged more carefully in the warehouse. Result, Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture has so much genuine distinction of flavor and fragrance that sophisticated pipe smokers are prompt to recognize it and grow enthusiastic.

LIMITED OFFER (for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture. Dept. 94, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky



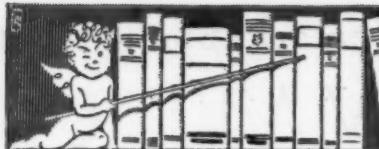
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder



The New Books

by Perry Githens Poetry is decidedly not one of my weaknesses. I confess to a scant appreciation of rhyme and rhythm. Then, too, poets are prone to be over-serious. It is too easy to sneer, "What of it?" However—

BITTER SWEET POEMS (Covici, Friede) by Rebecca McCann are well worth the while of any prose fanatic. Possibly one of the lighter verses makes me feel this way because it gives apt expression to a pet theory. It's called,

SOME LADY POETS

*They never grow old, and they're always in love,
And their feelings are pagan and wildish,
Those permanent girls with their faces massaged,
And their voices impulsively childish.*

Rebecca McCann was best known through her syndicated "Cheerful Cherub". This collection of her unpublished serious work was made after her death a year ago. There is hardly a page that doesn't present some bright, swift thought. Rich stuff, this, and satisfying, its frugal wording packed tight with meaning, and with beauty.

* * *

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR (Dutton), by Sheila Kay-Smith, is a great book that doesn't quite come off. For some reason, the storied struggle of Doctor Green, his country practice and his country marriage, fails to do justice to the promised greatness of the theme. I couldn't forget "Arrowsmith."

* * *

PROCESSION (Harpers), by Fannie Hurst, is a group of five long short stories in the usual Hurst manner. That is to say they are dramatic, detailed, and heavy with that "slice-of-life" feeling. Not for one minute are you allowed to forget that Fannie Hurst is "the highest paid woman writer in the world", or whatever it is they call her in the syndicate blurbs. She puts on a very dazzling exhibition of word juggling which you will be perfectly content to watch, but which leaves you with rather a flat feeling in the mental stomachache.

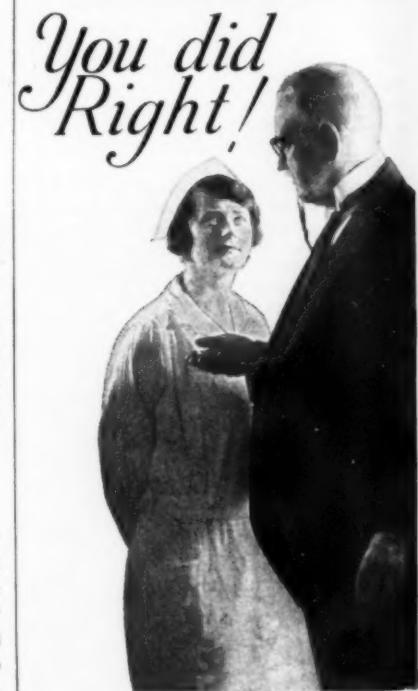
**Its Bubbling
Effervescence
Lasts Longer**

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**It is bottled only with
its Own Natural Gas**

*The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World*

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It is always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. The doctor can assure you that it has no ill effects on the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches; neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions enclosed.



ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture
of Monacetilcicloester of Salicylicacid

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER (Liveright), is Hendrik Van Loon's history of invention in logical, understandable sequence of subject and language. The man is a genius at explaining things. If his drawings are featured beyond their merit, it is a permissible vanity. And at that, they have a curious vitality and effectiveness. The book is an enjoyable addition to anyone's library. And where there are children around to question and perplex, it is well nigh invaluable, well deserving a place next to Dr. Holt, and "The Story of Mankind."

THE DAGGER (Lippincott), by Anthony Wynne, is a detective tale which is much ado about nothing. It concerns a confusing series of murders too implausible and downright uninteresting to enlist the aid of the reader in solving them—a most necessary quality in printed crime.

IRVIN COBB AT HIS BEST (Doubleday-Doran), as you might guess, is a convenient reprint of several important contributions to humorous writing by this master of the knowing chuckle. Included are many you have read before and will be glad to read again. *Speaking of Operations . . . Eating in Two or Three Languages . . . The Life of The Party*, and others.

(*The Confidential Guide to Books will be found on page 24*)

FIRST TRAINED FLEA: I'm jolly well fed up with this racket.

SECOND TRAINED FLEA: Yeah, it's enough to make a fellow go to the dogs.



SALESMAN (at last reaching breaking point): You'll pardon my saying so, sir, but it's not a hat you want—it's a hairnet.

Punch (by permission)



The Story of a Wise Wife whose husband is named John

FOR a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for John—she knew he'd welcome the idea of a coffee substitute about as willingly as an operation!

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner. It was delicious coffee—so good everybody took a second cup.

And next morning, wonder of wonders! Even John remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! She, like a wise wife, merely made conversation. Not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed.

Perhaps there's someone in your family whom coffee makes nervous. Try this wonderful coffee. Kellogg's® Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. With all the flavor and cheer you love. Real coffee! But it will

not keep you awake nor affect nerves.

Order a can from your dealer. Comes ground or in the bean. The original caffeine-free coffee. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or let us send you a generous sample can. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1851 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE
The coffee that lets you sleep

"Will the gentleman who just coughed, step to the box office . . . for a package of Old Golds?"

"Of course, I have never said those words from the stage—but in all kindness I have often wanted to offer this friendly help to some poor fellow whose cough was spoiling the enjoyment of those around him.

'A year or so ago, when the makers of OLD GOLD ran some ads on the effect of coughing in theatres, I was grateful. I am more grateful now that OLD GOLD has invited stage folk to help them bring 'first aid' information to our unhappy friends the 'coughers.'

"My advice is that prevention is the best aid. Smoke OLD GOLDS. They soothe the throat and prevent the 'cough-tickle.'"

SIGNED *Groucho Marx*

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLDS are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant. Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure honey-like smoothness.

On your Radio . . . OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, and his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, over entire network of Columbia Broadcasting System.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, and enjoy both!

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



GENTLEMAN: Well, dear, whose little girl are you?

DAUGHTER OF DIVORCED COUPLE: Please, this month, I'm mother's.

Everybody's Weekly



room at your own house. He made a mental note that had he ever a house again he'd see to it his guests were more comfortable.

The following week old Muffer did another Houdini. When Tom arrived this time, he had with him three army blankets and a quilt. Again the tramping, again the heartbroken return, again the welcome by Muffer, again the dinner with Humphrey

beaming on them, and again Tom finding he'd rather enjoyed himself and Mary laughing with him over the absurdity of it.

The third time Muffer felt the call of the wild Tom brought a suitcase. When they came back from searching and Muffer bounded from the house, he said:

"Mary, that damned dog's making fools of us."

"I know," said Mary, and there was a funny light in her eyes.

After dinner Tom called Humphrey to the study.

"Humphrey," he said. "Thanks to Muffer, Mrs. Holliday and I have been er—we're going to be married tomorrow. We've er decided its ridiculous my coming here and going away and coming here and going away. You've been with us a good many years, don't you think so, too?"

The ghost of a smile played over the old man's frozen face. He said:

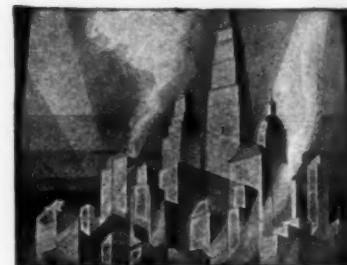
"I always did think so, sir—that's why I've 'id old Muffer in the cellar."

"Can you give a sentence with 'crocodile'?"

"Better than that."

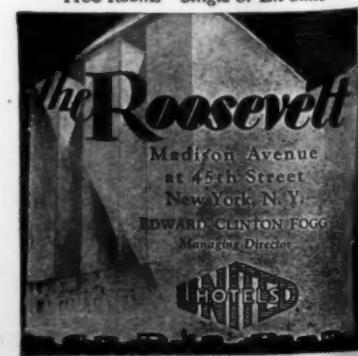
"Shoot."

"My sweetie crocodile on her watch, so alligator another!"



When thoughts turn to the "Season" in New York a cinema of vibrant impressions flashes before the mind's eye . . . Opera at The Metropolitan . . . the stream of smart motors on the avenues . . . a fashionable gathering on an opening night . . . and The ROOSEVELT, where the verve of the metropolis is vividly reflected.

1100 Rooms—Single or En Suite



White Rock



The Leading Mineral Water

THE night club... sophisticated enjoyment for those who know life...captivating rhythm of the orchestra...spotlights playing on accomplished entertainers whirling to the strains of the music...beautiful women...jewels...lovely gowns...laughter...the smart world at play.... In the midst of it all, the brown

Pale Dry Ginger Ale



bottles of White Rock Water and the green bottles of White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale are taken for granted...quenching thirst after the dance...stimulating conversation...bottles of sparkling deliciousness attuned to every occasion...their circle of friends as broad as the land...the standard of smart America!

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with anything less than the General*



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